The League Failure Modified Prohibition

Letters to the Tribune's Editor

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire to Helvetius.

An Historic Bullet
The Marine Engineer

A Phil Kearny Relic

Bullet That Killed the General Offered by Its Possessor to Some Institution

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It may interest veterans of the Civil War and those who wish to hear of the "Long, long ago" to read an account of Fighting Phil Kearny's death and to know that the bullet which killed him is preserved.

General Kearny was killed at Ox Hill, near Chantilly, Va., about two and one-half miles from Fairfax Courthouse, on a farm now owned by Captain J. J. Ballard, a one-legged Confederate veteran, who gave a deed for the plot of a half acre on which to place markers that designate the spot where Kearny and General Stevens fell, only a few hours apart, on the afternoon of September 1, 1862, in the last desperate struggle of that day, that halted victorious Lee only a few miles from the Capitol in Washington. Captain Ballard, that generous ex-Confederate, and his family have been caring for that hallowed ground since the dedication of the markers in 1915. The brave man loves a brave man, though a former foe.

Kearny was shot while looking after his lines, riding into the lines of the enemy. He was discovered by the enemy through a vivid flash of lightning. There was a terrific storm at the time and the thunders from heaven were more incessant and louder than the roar of artillery. Kearny wheeled his horse and lay down on its neck, but all to no purpose; the fatal bullet reached him and closed that brilliant and noble life instantly. In a few days at most he would have been in command of that unbeaten Army of the Potomac.

The writer was president of the commission appointed by the Governor of New Jersey to carry out the provisions of an act of the Legislature of New Jersey for the removal of the remains of General Kearny from Old Trinity churchyard, New York City, to Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, and later to erect an equestrian statue to his memory.

The remains were removed from the vault of his grandfather on the maternal side, John Watts, once the Comptroller of the City of New York, on April 10, 1912, after lying among three generations of Kearnys for almost fifty years. The only inscription on the flat sandstone marker is "John Watts Vault, 1806." But for the loyalty of Phil Kearney Post of New York City, which marked the spot with a flag each Memorial Day, no one not connected with the family of Kearny (and few of them) could say where Kearney was buried.

On April 11, 1912, through the kindness of Rector (now Bishop) William T. Manning a beautiful and impressive service was given in Old Trinity Church, which was thronged. The funeral cortège, the services at City Hall, in which Mayor Gaynor and many others took part; the lying in state in the rotunda of City Hall, the throngs of people of all classes showed plainly that all love to honor a brave man. On April 12 the remains were taken to Washington and interred with great honors.

Through these ceremonies I was brought in contact with Mrs. Agnes Upshur, former widow of General Kearny. Mrs. Upshur wrote to me on January 6, 1916: "I have been opening boxes which have been stored away for many years, containing old relics, many connected with the Civil War. . . . I found the fatal bullet which killed General Kearny. At once I thought of you, and would like some devoted soldier of Kearny's to have it and ask if I may send it to you. Of course, in my old age, I cannot keep stored away those things which years ago I would not give to any one. I would like to think of this bullet in the keeping of some of his soldiers."

Thus the bullet came into my keeping with a certificate from Mrs. Upshur, duly attested, stating:

"The identity of said missile is unquestionable, as it was handed to me by Captain W. C. Morford, quartermaster general on the staff of General Kearny, and was given him by the firm of Brown & Alexander, embalmers, at Washington, with the request to hand the same to the family of General Kearny."

My desire is that some historical society should have this bullet, as I am not to live always, being seventy-nine now, and must follow my file leader at no distant day. I offered the relic at the request of the son of General Kearny to the New Jersey State Historical Museum at Trenton, whose custodians seemed to think it too grewsome an object, though they have the saddle and saber at the quartermaster general's office. They may have thought its authenticity doubtful.

With the consent of John Watts Kearny, son of the General, now living at University, Va., I am willing to hand it over to some institution that will care for it for the future.

CHARLES F. HOPKINS.
Boonton, N. J., July 9, 1921.

Lockstep in the Schools

Poor Results of Elementary Teaching Attributed to Iron-Bound Grade System

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Each year a large proportion of the children in the schools fail to be promoted and lose a term's time and education. It has been proved that in nine out of ten cases they are only a short distance behind in one or two subjects; for none can attend school for months without learning something.

In each of the two terms twenty out of each 100 are thus unjustly branded as dullards. Every year forty out of each hundred are thus condemned as laggards. In the eight years of the elementary course there are 320 cases of failure for every 100 pupils, or an average of more than three failures for each pupil. What a wonderful system, not for educating, but for developing failures for life!

Injury is inflicted upon all for the reason that, herded in mass, all are kept in mental lockstep with the slowest for their whole school lives. The order is "In together, on together, all together, out together." Thus are the bright ruined by being drilled into habits of inattention and idleness. By constant marking time they develop mental nausea. In place of being trained to become leaders in life they are systematically developed into confirmed loafers, robbed of education which is their right and bereft of all power of initiative and confidence in their ability to excel. As success comes without effort their mental powers are dwarfed and made useless for want of proper exercise.

The effect upon the slower pupils is equally disastrous. Not because they are naturally dull, but for the reason that since they have been rushed over work faster than they could grasp it they become discouraged, fall behind, stumble for a time at the foot of the class and daily suffer the taunts of classmates until they can escape from school with but little education for life's work. Having been trained in failure, they have no hope for success, so become lost characters.

The official records show that, in the whole country, for each 100 in the lowest grade, but twenty-four have reached the highest elementary grade; though this is certainly the least education which should be given these embryo citizens if they are ever to become self-supporting, intelligent, happy, liberty loving members of their communities. Even in eighty of the principal cities where conditions are nearest ideal, only one-half have reached this grade; and but thirty-one have reached the first year of the high school, which but five finish. The number in the four years of the high school varies from 3 in Arizona to 14 per cent in California.

Need there be any further proof that the schools are failing miserably in their effort to give even an elementary education?

Not only are but a small proportion receiving that education which is their due, but nearly all are taking from one to five years more than is needed to get the same amount of education. The rate of progress is so slow that eight out of ten are far behind their proper grades.

The cause of this shocking condition is the mediæval plan of grading. All that is needed to produce ideal results is a plan which will make it possible for each pupil to advance as able, in place of all having to wait on the slowest. This does not require the abolishment of the grades, but does demand that they be made to fit the needs of the pupils instead of forever forcing all to fit the arbitrary ironbound grades. Pupils must be accurately classified.

Where a proper plan is in use, many benefits are apparent. Eight out of ten gain time and education, in place of that number losing time, as at present. All receive better training. Elimination of repetition saves more than $10 a pupil each year. Because of increased rate of advancement the school plant takes care of one-third more pupils each six years. Lower grades are not congested. Classes are not overcrowded. No pupils need be on part time. There is not constant demand for new buildings. The tax rate no longer hovers around the danger point.

Every school can have these and other advantages as soon as the people demand them. Is it not time they do so? WILLIAM J. SHEAVER.
Elizabeth, N. J., July 9, 1921.

A Woman Financier

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Apropos of your recent editorial, "A Rising Tide," perhaps you should have referred to the fact that in this state a woman is president of a large financial institution. I believe, after considerable inquiry, that, assets considered, she is the only woman in this field in the United States.

I refer to Miss Ann E. Rae, who is president of the Niagara Falls Savings and Loan Association, which has $6,000,000 assets and 10,000 depositors. Since she was elected president, a few years ago, the assets and membership of this organization have more than doubled.

Miss Rae is also treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce of her city and is prominent in civic work and commercial enterprises. At the recent annual meeting of the State League of Savings and Loan Associations in Buffalo her ability was recognized by unanimous election as president—the first woman to be given this honor. Miss Rae is also one of the vice-presidents of the United States League of Local Building and Loan Associations.

ARCHIBALD W. M'EWAN.
New York, July 9, 1921.

A Circuitous Art

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer)

Diplomacy is the art of first knowing you're right and then going ahead in a roundabout way.

Engineer and Shipmaster

Views of Their Relative Responsibilities on Modern Steamships

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The letter signed "Old Shipmaster" brings up an interesting subject. The so-called "traditions of the sea" die hard, and a tradition that is dying particularly hard is that which gives an almost divine right to the "master."

Modern invention tends in all cases to lighten the work of the deck officer, while, on the other hand, the propelling machinery of modern steamers becomes more and more complicated. With a good wireless operator to get hourly reports on the ship's position by radio, a child almost could navigate a ship to-day.

The marine engineer is almost unknown to the general public. He very seldom advertises himself or his work, but when a man writes a letter such as that of "Old Shipmaster" it makes a marine engineer wonder where the old skipper has been all these years that he has failed to keep up with the times.

I agree that an engineer "stops and goes ahead" only upon order from the bridge. A failure to obey every signal correctly might easily cause loss of the ship, which, to my way of thinking, is considerable of a responsibility in itself, and in many cases has proved too much of a responsibility for the officer on the bridge. Gold braid does not make an officer, and it is ignorance of that fact that causes so much of the friction aboard ship.

"Old Shipmaster" tells us that "marine engines, as a rule, are an excellent thing." They surely are, because when they fail there is not much left for the skipper to do but send out an S O S.

The rules of navigation have not changed, in a broad sense, since the days of Columbus. The same does not hold good in the engine room. Turbines, Diesel engines and the electric drive are only a few of the developments that have made the engineer a man of growing importance and greater responsibility. The man in overalls handled his engines through the late war in a way that had no little bearing on its outcome.

"Old Shipmaster" states that the marine engineer has no more status than the oarsmen who manned the galleys of Tyre. I think he means we ought to have that status, in his opinion. Times have changed, however, and it is the failure of a number of people to keep up with these changes that causes the bitter feeling evidenced in "Old Shipmaster's" letter.

The name "shipmaster" would imply that something has been "mastered." How can a man be "master" over that of which he has not even an elementary knowledge—namely, the engine room department of a ship? The chief engineer is and always will be the logical master of his own department, and if in the future he becomes supreme in authority it will be due to his fitness for that place and to the failure of some present masters to appreciate that "ruling by divine right" had a bad set-back not long ago, and that democracy and fair dealing are all important aboard ship.

The marine engineer is a gentleman and an officer. The failure of any of the Titanic's engineers to appear in the ship's boats is one of many proofs of that. BERT COLLINS.
Brooklyn, July 6, 1921.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The "Old Shipmaster" who wrote to you about holding marine engineers in strict subordination might look to the navy for his answer. Until the merchant marine skipper knows his ship thoroughly, and that includes a knowledge of the engine room, he is not entirely master. The same shipmaster who wrote the letter would hold in contempt a master of a windjammer who knew nothing about sails. The future ship's husband will know his engine room as well as his compass, and complete subordination of his ship's company will follow.

ONE WHO SERVED IN THE NAVY.
New York, July 6, 1921.

Will Skyscrapers Last?

("Listener" in The Boston Transcript)

In considering H. G. Wells's valuable suggestions (the best ever made) of a list of things to put away in a cache somewhere for the purpose of revealing our life to future ages, The New York Tribune makes the curious mistake of assuming that our steel frame buildings are going to last forever and that the archæologist of the year 25,000 A. D. will be able to "reconstruct us all from the skeleton of the Woolworth Building."

Nothing could be more unlikely to be permanent, in the sense supposed, than the steel frame building. It belongs essentially to the category of the ephemeral. In the first place, it is dependent for its present measure of permanence upon its skin, or exterior, which prevents the oxidization of the steel of which it is composed. Expose the steel structure to the air and the dampness, and it will slowly rust away, and in no great number of years the structure will fall in a heap.

Steel is only a little more permanent as a material than painted wood, and less permanent than brick and mortar. And in the second place, and more importantly, the skyscraper's maintenance in any shape rests upon the need and use for it. It is dependent on its elevators; without them, none but its lower stories could be used; and if we assume that our American cities will change and wane, as all other cities in the world have done, the time is sure to come when there will no longer be any economic need for these tall office buildings, and they will one by one be taken down, at least as far as their fifth or sixth stories, and their component steel used for bridges and other structural purposes.

League Failure Responsibility

"American People Themselves Repudiated War Ideals at the Last Election"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read with a great deal of interest a letter by Harry Klinger in last Sunday's Tribune in regard to the causes of America's entrance into the war and Colonel Harvey's exposition of them. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Klinger is in error when he implies that the defeat of the League and the treaty were due to any failure on their part to measure up to the ideals voiced by President Wilson during the war.

Mr. Klinger says: "It was this startling reversal to . . . imperialistic policies . . . which killed the Treaty of Versailles. The irreconcilables didn't do it. They merely needed to point out what had happened. The American people woke up with a shock . . . to the fact that they . . . seemed to be the only people represented at the peace table by a government which still believed that the world should now be organized on a new basis so as to end war."

President Wilson did not "fail" at Paris. It is true that he met with imperialistic opposition, yet he defeated this opposition at every turn and secured a treaty entirely consistent with the great war ideals. It may be that President Wilson was the only statesman that went to the conference determined upon a League of Nations. But the fact remains that every diplomat left the conference with his signature and the signature of his country upon the League of Nations, and the people of every country accepted this league except America. And why did America fail? Was it, as Mr. Klinger has suggested, because the American people felt that the treaty failed to measure up to the war ideals?

If we recall the attacks which were made upon the treaty in this country, we find that nearly every attack was made not from the idealistic standpoint but from the materialistic one. Few Senators ever rose to condemn the League because the provisions for the prevention of war were too weak. Yet how many were there who toured the country in an endeavor to rouse a popular desire to sneak out of the few obligations which we did assume?

Under the League of Nations the British self-governing colonies were, for the first time, given a certain separate voice in their foreign affairs, with independent votes in the Assembly. As The Tribune in a recent editorial said: "Our people sympathized with their successful effort at the peace conference to obtain a semi-independent international status." Yet the cry of "six votes to one" was raised, and the Senate, through a reservation, deprived the colonies of their independent vote as far as we were concerned. The last of the fourteen points itself provides for a "mutual guaranty of territorial integrity and political independence." This was practically included, word for word, in Article X. Yet it was against Article X that most of the objections centered.

In the last election the people repudiated the League purely for materialistic and selfish reasons. We may have been the only people with representatives at Paris who desired a league, but we were the only people unwilling finally to accept the league which was written. We repudiated it not because it did not restrict imperialistic conquest—for it did. We repudiated it because we apparently were not willing to surrender the right of imperialistic conquest ourselves and assume the obligation to defend the right.

Let us not, therefore, be misled. President Wilson gloriously succeeded at Paris and American ideals were made the basis for the peace. The American people themselves repudiated these war ideals at the last election. We are the ones who have failed, and it is upon us that the responsibility must fall.

ARTHUR BARNHART,
New York, July 6, 1921.

Wine and Beer Compromise

Suggestions to Congress by the Self-Determination League of Liberty

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Having expended considerable of my own money and devoted a good part of my time at my own expense for over two years past in the attempt to help solve the prohibition problem, I claim to be fairly competent to discuss this ever recurring question.

For the benefit of the many novices and enthusiasts who are engaged in the pleasing pastime of chasing rainbows and at the same time "kidding" themselves into believing that they are going to upset things generally as far as prohibition is concerned, the Eighteenth Amendment included, permit me to say that they are as far off as ever from accomplishing their object and are only confusing an already badly mixed situation. They are "shooting in the air."

Apparently without the slightest idea as to the magnitude of their task and devoid of a definite object of a practical nature, they merrily continue on their way, regardless of the fact that they are doing exactly what the Anti-Saloon League wants them to do. The latter glibly tells those who do not like the Eighteenth Amendment that they can repeal it. How? When? Where?

The public is weary of nonsense. Even those who are constitutionally opposed to prohibition are listless, apathetic, hopeless, for the simple reason that all attempts to change the situation have failed. And failure it will continue to be until there is an application of common sense.

On June 14 last I submitted to members of Congress a proposition looking toward a solution of this question, and, judging from the many favorable responses, I am encouraged to believe that we are in a fair way to solve the problem to the satisfaction of intelligent, fair-minded and temperate people. I violate no confidence when I say that Mr. Volstead knows his law is a failure and that it must be modified. His recent "victory" in passing the "medicinal beer bill" will prove small comfort to him and his "dry" associates. The height (or depth) of absurdity was reached when Congress prescribed one bottle of wine in ten days for medicinal use, denying that malt liquors possess curative value.

The suggestion offered to Congress is as follows:

Relegate to the several states the power to determine what is an intoxicating beverage, which applies solely to such harmless and health-giving drinks as light wines and beer, the alcoholic content of same not to exceed 12 per cent for wines and not over 4½ per cent for beer; to be sold in places where they are not to be consumed on the premises (thus automatically eliminating the saloon), except in hotels, clubs and restaurants, the status of which shall be clearly defined by law; hotels to have not less than fifty rooms, clubs to be bona fide places of residence and restaurants to have a certain seating capacity, with proper kitchen facilities capable of feeding a required number of people; the quality of wine and beer to be of specified standard, with a heavy penalty for inferior and adulterated goods.

D. R. BROWNE,
Chairman Self-Determination League of Liberty.
New York, July 7, 1921.

About Children's Books

Sir: Whilst we are on the subject of children's books I should like to say to N. S. G., who failed to interest her little hospital patients in Alice in Wonderland, that all children do not enjoy tales of adventure or flights of fancy. I know three normal, intelligent children whose mother has read and reread the sickening story of Five Little Peppers and how they grew, until she loathed the sight of even the cover. The children hang on every word. I recall a child of six who, each night at bedtime, demanded the reading from a magazine devoted to needlework the directions for making a pincushion.

What sort of literature appealed to you, Mr. Broun, as a child? Judging by your mature taste, as evidenced in book reviews, I should say that you enjoyed hearing a laundry list read aloud or perhaps the telephone directory. Last autumn, when you were gurgling with delight over Main Street, I ordered it at once, and when my library, which is a bit old-fashioned, therefore slow, delayed sending it, I hastened to one of those "pay-as-you-enter" libraries, where they demand a deposit of a dollar and a half should you take such a fancy to a book that you cannot bear to part with it.

I took Main Street home and read the first fifty pages with anticipation, the remainder of it I took like a dose of medicine, and when I returned it to the library I received my deposit with a thankful heart.

I don't know anything about prairies, Gopher or otherwise, but I do know something of small towns, one in particular, where I Carol Kennicotted for several seasons and where the people were as blind to beauty, narrow-minded and prejudiced as Mr. Lewis could wish, but, unlike those of Gopher Prairie, they were occasionally amusing.

Main Street reminds me of an alleged musical performance I once listened to, when a Japanese played interminably on an instrument having two strings. Every one but you seems to have read and digested that book, but in your case it has got into your blood. You may not realize it, but in about four out of seven of your articles you mention Gopher Prairie or Carol or Main Street. I look for them in your articles on sporting events. Main Street has become an obsession with you. I am going abroad "mainly" to forget it. I am fed up with it, and when we reach the three-mile limit I'll go into the smoking room and order something to take the taste of Main Street out of my mouth. J. E. G.
New York, July 4, 1921.

The Effect of Monotony

(From The Washington Star)

It has been estimated that a week of Congressional speaking represents no more language than it would take to fill a Sunday issue of a metropolitan newspaper. It is the lack of variety that makes the volume of legislative discourse seem so much greater.

What's in a Name

(From The Wheeling Intelligencer)

Orthographically speaking, President de Valera of the Irish republic and President O'Bregon of Mexico should swap places.

Back to Obscurity

(From The Boston Transcript)

What has become of the once well-known town of Jersey City, N. J.?

Do Nurses' Profiteer?

Further Replies to Critic Who Complained of Reduced Hours

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a constant reader and admirer of The Tribune over thirty-five years and also as a mother of a trained nurse, I feel obliged to answer the question, "Do trained nurses profiteer?" asked by "Brooklyn." Right here let me say: No!

The assertion that they have cut their hours in half is only partially true. Where it is necessary for a nurse to do twenty-four hours duty she always does it, on call at any hour or more often minute of the twenty-four hours.

The charges vary according to the hours on duty and the financial condition of the family, a reduction being made where it seems exorbitant to charge the full price, which nurses earn at the expense of giving up sleep, meals when necessary and every bit of vitality and strength they possess.

Another phase of the situation is that the training is exacting and laborious, the discipline sometimes most humiliating, the pay almost nothing for two or three years. Many young women give up training after a short time because they have not the courage or the strength to see it through.

I am acquainted with many of the profession, as I have mothered many of them who are away from home in training and know whereof I speak. They earn every cent they get and are usually worn out after ten years of service.

"Do trained nurses profiteer?" Most emphatically they do not.

MOTHER.
Richmond Hill, N. Y., July 8, 1921.

Worn Out in Ten Years

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Why should nurses, who are only human, work more than twelve hours a day? If "Brooklyn" cannot pay for the professional skill of a graduate nurse he can go to the hospital, where he will be attended by the nurses in training, under the supervision of graduate nurses, or he can stay at home and be attended by practical nurses, who have some training, or by visiting nurses.

I will take myself for an example. I am a high school graduate and spent three years of hard labor training as a nurse. I have had a varied experience—years of twenty-four-hour nursing, institutional nursing and a year and a half nursing our soldiers in France.

Before the war we did twenty-four-hour nursing, even on the worst cases. No one ever thought anything of it. We were machines who could go indefinitely without sleep and sometimes without food. The nurses broke down after ten years, even though they were obliged to take vacations, without pay, between cases. Two nurses from my own hospital killed themselves because they wore out, used up their small savings and became objects of charity. I know half a dozen more who are now obliged to depend on relatives, as they can never work again.

Why should a girl of refinement and education give up three of the best years of her life to training as a nurse when, with less training in business, the same girl can earn as much in proportion as the nurse, working eight hours a day, having no night work, with her Saturday afternoon, Sundays and holidays free and a yearly vacation, when the nurse works twelve hours a day, and is earning nothing unless she is working those twelve hours a day?

A nurse who earns more than $1,000 a year, even at $7 a day, while she has work, is rare, and that after she has taken years to educate herself to the standard for trained nurses.

TRAINED NURSE.
Brooklyn, July 8, 1921.

A Twelve-Hour Day

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I give a few facts for the benefit of those who, like "Brooklyn," know little about the life and expenses of a trained nurse?

A nurse goes on duty at 7 o'clock in the morning. Her entire time for twelve hourss belongs to the stranger into whose house she has been called. If the patient so wishes, not one minute of that twelve hours may the nurse call her own. In most cases she is working hard the entire time, besides having the responsibility of a human life on her hands. She comes off duty at 7 p. m. without having had a glimpse of the outdoor world in daylight. Has she earned her six dollars?

"Brooklyn" may, by inquiry, find that the twelve-hour duty nurse from accredited registries charges only $6. Her food is paid for. Her laundry is not. She must be spotless as regards uniform (which she pays 75 cents to have laundered) and all other articles of apparel. She must have a room to live in, for which, regardless of the falling cost of living, she is still fortunate if she pays less than $12 a week. This expense goes on regardless of the time she is on a case.

There are times when calls are scarce. Nurses may be idle, though not given to strikes. Meals, laundry, room, all these expenses go on. No, "Brooklyn," long ago we learned our lesson. We did twenty-four hour duty, we broke down in health from long hours and overwork, giving of our very life blood, sometimes, for those who appreciated it just as little as you would seem to. As trained nurses we are not asking for sympathy nor for our rights. All we demand of the public which we so willingly serve is a square deal.

AN R. N.
New York July 8, 1921.

Out of Luck

(From The Boston Globe)

The Mayor of Quebec knows of course what happened when the Boston policemen struck. There isn't any chance, however, for him to be elected Vice-President of Canada.

The Verbal Champions

(From The Los Angeles Times)

The output in one day of Senate debate last week aggregated 84,000 words. This would use up all the space in an ordinary twelve-page newspaper. The best the House could do in a single day during the same week was 55,000 words. Although the House has almost five times the membership of the Senate, it is the seasoned and trained Senators who can beat the rest of the world in the flow of words. When Senators Borah and Johnson and Jim Reed are working in fettle the cataract of verbiage would make Niagara seem like a sprinkling can. Without even the aid of a dictionary the United States Senate can talk the universe to sleep.

Change the Subject

(From The Chicago Daily News)

It is said that because of the improvements recently made in aircraft and poison gas the next war will be of short duration. Something of the same tenor was said just before the World War, and if it is all the same to the inventors most people would rather not talk about the "next" war.